

PRISONERS OF SPIRIT MOUNTAIN



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Prisoners of Spirit Mountain

A Navajo Indian Story

BY COE HAYNE



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FOREWORD.

Klogi is the Navajo friend of Yotto and Juan in "The God of Yotto." He became acquainted with the God of peace through the Hopi Indian boys. Under ordinary circumstances the boys would have been enemies, for their tribes were constantly warring with each other; but they are drawn together because of their great love for the Good Shepherd.

Klogi and Nishmo, his cousin, are driven from their people by the greed of their uncle, Gray Hawk. They journey through the desert to the Valley of Lost Souls, from which no one has ever returned, taking their sheep with them.

After battling with the elements, they reach Walled-up Valley, which is guarded by Spirit Mountain. The tribe dwelling within have a law that no stranger who comes into the valley can live. Klogi, trusting his God, leads Nishmo to a better understanding of the love of the Master.

Only through the influence of Hawk Man are the boys allowed to live. Even then they are in constant danger of their lives. They make the acquaintance of Red Eagle, the future chief of the Hopi Tribe of the Valley of Refuge. Because of the desire of Yellow Corn of the bad heart to rule, Red Eagle is also in constant danger.

Finally matters come to such a pass that the three boys flee from the valley. In their desperation they send smoke signals from Spirit Mountain. They attract the attention of their enemies as well as their friends. Red Eagle turns upon them and they are cut off from their supplies when they hear the call of the Wolf Clan.



The hogan was in flames.

CHAPTER I.

Bear Claw Brings a Warning.

THE loftiest crag of the Rain Cloud Range was ablaze with the gold of the sun's afterglow when Klogi, Navajo shepherd boy, riding since dawn, topped the last rise that prevented a full view of Coyote Valley where he expected to camp that night with Nishmo, his cousin. Klogi and Nishmo owned in partnership one of the finest bands of sheep that grazed on Indian land. They had been together since childhood. Like brothers they had lived in the winter hogans and summer camps of Klogi's people since Nishmo had been left an orphan. Now both were orphans since the great epidemic of fever. Their only living relative was a great uncle, Gray Hawk, who esteemed nobody except Lapu, the shaman or medicine man.

Klogi had been making one of his occasional visits to the western edge of the Navajo country to camp a few days with

his Hopi friends, Juan and Yotto. His return from the Hopi border had been marked by a happiness greater than any he had known before. He had ridden alone, yet not alone, for the consciousness of a divine companionship robbed the long desert ride of all dreariness.

A column of smoke, mounting skyward, caused Klogi to pull his pony to a halt at the top of the ridge. The hogan in which he had expected to sleep that night was in flames. At the foot of the slope a band of sheep was being poorly herded by a dog that seemed uncertain what to do with it. The flock was badly scattered for that time of day.

"Nishmo should have his sheep on their bed ground by now." Being a real shepherd, Klogi thought first of the flock even while confronted with a calamity like that of a burning dwelling.

Klogi and Nishmo had built the hogan early that spring. They had selected the straightest, cleanest cedars in the Rain Clouds for their winter habitation. They had other small brush arbors where they camped during the summer months when range conditions caused them to

move from place to place. The loss of any or all of them would hardly have been felt; but this solidly built log hogan, carefully plastered with adobe mud, had been made for shelter during the cold season. It was home—Nishmo's and his own.

Klogi called to Wolf, the dog guarding the sheep, and signalled by a sweep of the arm to round up the sheep and hold them. He then rode forward at a fast gallop, leaving his pack horse to graze near the sheep.

The hogan was a mass of glowing cedar coals by the time he reached it. Fifty feet from the burning pile were the precious skin water bags, some camp utensils, coarse meal, and a quantity of salt in hampers made of yucca fibre.

Klogi could find no sign of Nishmo, his cousin. Evidently some one had discovered the fire in an early stage and had salvaged the valuable camp utensils. Was Nishmo's hand shown here? Where was he now? Klogi observed that the pack burros and Nishmo's saddle pony were feeding on a near-by flat. On a long journey Nishmo would have taken

his pony. His home burned, Nishmo gone, the sheep left without a herder, these were the baffling circumstances that confronted him as he scanned the surroundings for signs to help him solve the mystery.

Dusk was rapidly giving way to darkness when he rode up the eastern slope of the valley to catch, if possible, a view of the country beyond before night closed in. Following a sheep trail to the top of the breaks, he paused at the sound of moaning. On a near-by rock facing the east, sat Nishmo, weeping. The latter did not indicate by the movement of a muscle or spoken word that he was aware of the presence of another until Klogi touched him on the shoulder.

"Don't touch me for four days!" cried Nishmo, as he sprang from the rock and motioned to Klogi to keep away from him. "I am not clean! I have touched the body of the departed. Bear Claw is dead!"

"Our good, old friend, Bear Claw!" exclaimed Klogi. "Where was Bear Claw when he died? How do you know he is dead?"

"He came to the hogan last night to bring us warning. This morning, before daylight, I went out to see that all was well with the sheep. Bear Claw lay stretched across the threshold, dead. I stumbled over him. I touched the dead. This afternoon I burned the hogan. I saved a few things—things I'll never use for myself—flour, salt, kettles. They are cursed because they were in the hogan when Bear Claw died there."

"And you buried the body of Bear Claw inside the hogan?"

"As any Navajo would do." Nishmo was put on the defensive by reason of the expression of disapproval on Klogi's face. "What else was there to do? Drag him out and let the coyotes have him? You would have done the same before you met the Hopi boys, Juan and Yotto. You have strange ideas which you call Christian."

"Come back and camp with me near the sheep," begged Klogi. "We must plan together."

"But I am under a curse. Until after four days have passed, you will not want me. I will keep to myself."

"Bear Claw was a good friend of ours. I will mourn with you, but we will live together during these four days. The sheep must not go unherded. We must cook our food, keep camp, fetch water—the two of us."

"But the curse of the evil spirits. I must not work until four days have passed."

"I am through with such superstitions," declared Klogi not unkindly. "I will help you and you must help me. What warning did Bear Claw bring?"

"Our uncle, Gray Hawk, demands our sheep. He is in debt to Lapu, the shaman, for many sand paintings and medicine dances. He has sent word that the curse of the rain gods will rest upon our flock and upon us unless we drive in the sheep to his corral by next new moon—"

"I am acquainted with Gray Hawk's threats," said Klogi bitterly.

"Bear Claw said Gray Hawk has no thoughts but his wish to satisfy his desire for the big medicine dances. The shaman will keep away until his last ceremonies are paid for. So Gray Hawk

blames us. Gray Hawk's heart has never been good toward us. He will come for the sheep if we do not drive them to him."

"Ah, yes!" stormed Klogi. "Don't I know it! Did he not take from us our lambs two summers ago? He claims that our mothers, who owned the sheep, intended he should have them. Our mothers gave us the sheep which we had herded from the days of our earliest memories. Our mothers, now in the Great Beyond, were happy to leave us their small band of sheep. They would sing many joy songs could they see how well we have cared for the flock grown to three thousand now."

"Gray Hawk will come for them," declared Nishmo sadly.

"Gray Hawk will not find them! Come! Forget fears about the curse of the gods. I put my trust in the protection of the Good Shepherd Juan and Yotto have named as their God. I have told you of this God but you have shut your ears. He is a God who does not ask us to hold great ceremonies around

scorching fires to soften his anger or purchase his regard."

"Our shaman is all powerful."

"Our old medicine man is a fakir who does not believe that his own songs and dances will ward off disease or bring rain. Lapu tricks our people. He has our superstitious old uncle, Gray Hawk, in his power. Leave your dark thoughts here at this rock. Come, we must eat and sleep. Tomorrow we move."

Klogi's hopeful spirit prevailed. The two boys returned to the valley, cooked a meal over a small fire, and spread their blankets near the spot where the dog, Wolf, had bedded down the sheep.

While Nishmo slept after the day's terrifying experience, Klogi looked up at the stars and prayed for wisdom. He hoped to win his cousin to a brighter outlook upon life through an acquaintance with the true God. Klogi also prayed for a means to save his sheep from the misguided Gray Hawk who feared the greedy Lapu, the Navajo medicine man.

A fine gratitude kept other less worthy thoughts in subjection in Klogi's mind. That he, a Navajo boy, could have as his

friends two Hopi boys when the Navajo and Hopi tribes were warring against each other, seemed a blessing almost too great to believe; yet such was the fact. Were all the circumstances connected with the formation of this friendship known to the readers,* the unusual relationship would require no explanation.

The Navajos, rovers, the Hopi, dwellers in villages, were bitter enemies. Forays continually were made into each other's territory; women, children, and stock were stolen; crops were destroyed. Perhaps the enemies had been doing this since the dawn of history. Speaking diverse tongues, differing in customs and manner of living, they had no means of mutual understanding. Strange indeed was the friendship between Klogi, the Navajo, and Juan and Yotto; yet not strange! They were making the acquaintance of the Prince of Peace. Yotto was teacher, for he knew more about the New Way than did Juan; Klogi was a willing pupil. What he had been able to learn of the Way of Christ was still vague; yet he was on the Way.

*Described in "The God of Yotto."

Juan and Yotto, inseparable companions after an estrangement caused by Yotto's adherence to the Christian faith, had passed through experiences that had forged their friendship into an attachment that Klogi recognized as beyond anything of the kind he had known among the Navajos. It was his fortune to fall in with Juan and Yotto when he needed just the kind of friendship they could give.

In the morning Klogi would suggest to Nishmo a way out of their difficulty that would astonish him. By reason of his new-found faith in the protecting care of a Good Shepherd, Klogi arrived at his decision. No Navajo in Klogi's time would have dared such an undertaking as that which he set before him. It would require courage. Nishmo would shake with fear when he should be told of it. He must set Nishmo's heart free of the fears that his superstitions awoke, then Nishmo, like Klogi, would be happy. Klogi went to sleep as he murmured a prayer Juan and Yotto had taught him.

CHAPTER II.

The Desert Storm.

WATER was getting scarce in Coyote Valley. Always, when summer came, Klogi and Nishmo had been compelled to drive their sheep to places where water could be found. The grassy slopes of the foothills of the Rain Cloud Mountains had been the boys' favorite summer range. Before Klogi had made the trip to see his Hopi friends, he and Nishmo had decided to leave their winter range for the slopes of the Rain Clouds.

When Klogi awoke the morning after his return to Coyote Valley, he made an announcement to Nishmo that was quite out of the ordinary. In fact, it was startling. "Let us go to Spirit Mountain far to the southwest. Gray Hawk will not rest until he takes our sheep. His men will find us if we go to the Rain Cloud Range."

Nishmo fairly gasped. "Spirit Mountain! You are mad! No man ever went

to the mountain of the dead and returned. It is the land of lost souls. All our traditions tell us that."

"Did you ever see a person who had explored that country?"

"Our traditions—they speak of the trail of many people leading into the mountains. That was long, long ago. A trail coming out of the mountains no one has ever discovered. There is the story of the white man who departed in a canoe down the rapids of Spirit River. He disappeared around the shoulder of a cliff and never was seen again."

"No canoe could ride through such rapids," offered Klogi.

"The river and the mountains are under the spell of evil spirits."

"And if we graze our sheep on the well-known summer ranges of our people, old Gray Hawk will find us. There will be no friends to protect us. Lapu has our people in his evil power. His ceremonies and sand paintings have bewitched them."

Nishmo had many strong arguments to give in explaining why a Navajo should not enter the canyons of Spirit Moun-

tain; but none to convince himself that Gray Hawk would not possess the band of sheep he and Klogi owned in partnership, should they remain where Gray Hawk could find them. He was shaking with fear when Klogi broke in upon his thoughts.

“We must move quickly,” said Klogi who was the older of the two. “Take courage in the hope that all will go well with us if we drive our sheep to Spirit Mountain.”

The decision of the farseeing Klogi prevailed. Between his fear of the “mountain of the dead” and his natural shepherd instincts that called mightily to his spirit to protect his sheep, Nishmo chose to follow Klogi. He could not free himself, however, of the misgivings that superstition aroused.

The morning meal over, Nishmo called Wolf to camp and fed him; then he went out with the dog to drive the sheep to the grassy flats that lay to the south. At noon he would bring them in to water at the spring near the ruins of the hogan to prepare them for the long drive across the desert toward Spirit Mountain.

Meanwhile Klogi brought in the burros and the saddle and pack horses and staked them out near camp. Over a fire he roasted a quantity of mutton for the noonday and several succeeding meals. There was a hard journey ahead. Wood for fuel and water for the stock would be hard to find. Most of their time and energies must of necessity be spent on the trail, hurrying the sheep across the dry, sandy stretch of desert toward the green foothills of Spirit Mountain.

After placing a message under a large flat rock and a "sign" near by to locate it for Juan and Yotto, the shepherds set forth on their venture.

The wind out of the northeast strengthened during the day and did not subside at sundown.

"Our trail will be covered," said Klogi with a sweep of his arm toward the back country. "Gray Hawk will not know that we have driven the sheep to a land he dreads. He will think that we have gone to the Rain Clouds. He will lose much time before he discovers that we have left the home range of the Navajos.

He may never find our trail toward Spirit Mountain."

"He will not follow it if he does find it," predicted Nishmo. "No good will come to us by defying the evil spirits."

A pall of yellow dust closed about them. Sun and mountains disappeared in the murk. During the night the wind, whipping out of the northwest, rose to near hurricane strength. The boys were awakened by the weight of sand upon their blankets. The desert sand storm rapidly became a threat to their safety. Neither man nor beast could face it. Sweeping, curling sheets of sand enveloped them. Sand, like drifting snow, piled up in banks about them. They must move, the sheep must move. All living creatures must move on before such a gale. No shelter was offered them by a solitary break in the desert. Furthermore it was known to the boys that the hot, dry wind would kindle a thirst that would become devastating under the flaring sun at midday. The drifting sand would fill up any depression on that terrible flat that might contain water.

Throughout the night the Navajos

traveled with their sheep. Their destination, which they could not see because of the dust storm, was the foothills of Spirit Mountain, the high country dreaded by all Navajos.

Morning brought no relief. That the herd was kept together was due to the untiring efforts of the boys who at all times were ably assisted by Wolf, the big, gaunt dog that never left the sheep. At long intervals the water from the skin bags was given to the saddle animals and the dog. The life of the flock depended on reaching the high country before they succumbed to thirst.

Into the ever-deepening wilderness the terrific wind, laden with its stinging, suffocating load of sand, drove them on and on, over the never-ending mounds. There was no hint of trail underfoot. The sand blasts that swept them along determined their course. Animals and shepherds alike were herded by the elements. Insistent and cruel were the blasts, cutting their faces like whiplashes.

Their dry, parched throats pained them. Above the cry of the wind, the

boys could hear the sheep bleating agonizingly for water. Hours had passed since they had seen a solitary blade of grass.

Nishmo pulled at Klogi's arm, and though he shouted, his voice seemed far away to his companion. "It is the end. We die here. The angry spirits of the dead have caught up with us. They have us in their power. You cannot deny it."

"Follow the sheep!" ordered Klogi. "This storm cannot last forever."

The desert sand storm had caught the two Navajo shepherd boys as it had caught others before their time. Men less brave than these two Indians and beasts less hardy than their ponies would have succumbed, after utter panic, before now. Even for them a point would be reached when their strength could no longer hold out.

Whether Spirit Mountain lay far behind them or to the east or west of them, no land marks, distant view or trail sense gave them the power to judge. The whole landscape was still encompassed by a thick yellow veil which the eye could not penetrate.

Under ordinary circumstances the physical powers of the two boys appeared to be equal, but Klogi now gave proof that he had a reserve of strength the other did not possess to the same degree. Klogi, of slighter build but with heart of iron, had not expended his strength in combating the superstitious fears that had assailed Nishmo, fears that the Navajo medicine men were at pains to instill in the minds of those who sought their counsel and aid.

"The gods are angry," declared Nishmo. "We cannot escape them."

Both boys were leading their exhausted ponies. Ahead of them slowly marched the sheep closely herded by Wolf. They were paralleling a deep, dry wash at the time. Klogi, noting the arroyo, took heart. "We are nearing the high country," he said. "Soon this draw will widen and lead us to a mountain canyon where there will be water and grass and protection from the wind."

"The voices of the evil spirits are in the storm. They speak only evil in my ears. Their strength drags at my feet. We will soon go the way of the lost."

Nishmo, through fear, was about to surrender to fatigue. That this misfortune might be averted, Klogi advised Nishmo to think of the sheep and to do his utmost to save them. The suggestion helped the weaker boy in his extremity. He was a true shepherd. He struggled on.

Nishmo was the one who first noted the cliffs flanking either side of the dry wash the sheep had been following. The way became somewhat broken in places. A curve in the bed of the arroyo brought them in the lee of a jutting bank of shale. A small valley opened out before them in which there was grass.

"There will be water higher up," encouraged Klogi.

As water was their salvation, the boys knew that they must keep moving toward the higher country until they found it. They were glad to have escaped the whipping sand of the desert, yet their difficulties were not at an end.

The small valley they had entered proved to be the widening of a canyon that led into the mountains. As they followed its bed, they noted that the walls

on either hand became more precipitous, occasionally breaking up into towers, spires, and monuments. Into the main canyon led other smaller canyons. Klogi explored some of the lateral passages for water, but fruitlessly. Instinctively he found his way back to the main passageway although the side canyons were broken up into scores of other lesser draws. At noon the heat became so intense that a halt was made. Since leaving the small valley at the edge of the desert, no grass had been found. Near the noon camping place a few patches of brush were eagerly stripped of their green foliage by the sheep. The very sight of the green brush gave promise of the presence of water, although none could be detected above the surface of the stony soil. They must keep on.

Above them loomed the gray mountain wall. As the afternoon wore away, the shadow of the mountain filled the canyon with its gloom, affording relief from the sun's hot rays.

At the end of a long precipitous climb, the canyon narrowed to a gateway scarcely forty feet from wall to wall and then

opened out into a sandy apron across which had washed the drainage of the mountain slopes during uncounted ages. On all sides arose steep grassy slopes that were rimmed by sheer rock walls a mountain goat could not scale. A tiny brook cascaded down the west wall and lost itself in a pool set like a jewel in the canyon floor. "Water!" The boys uttered the word simultaneously as their ears caught the gladdening sound of the living stream.

They made camp on a bench above the bed of the canyon. After drinking their fill of the cold mountain water, the sheep scattered over the west slope to feed. As darkness filled the chasm, the sheep were driven to a broad, level bench and bedded for the night.

Dawn roused the boys to their new tasks. They were stronger physically after eight hours of unbroken sleep. They ate their roasted mutton with keen relish as they planned their next move with the sheep. They agreed that for the present they should remain in the canyon to rest. They were sure that on higher levels they would find an abundance of

water and broader slopes for grazing.

While Nishmo watched the sheep, Klogi explored a box canyon that opened into the main canyon near the bench which the boys had chosen for their camp. He found that it headed up against the base of the mountain wall where some shelving rocks formed caves with high, arched ceilings. He had much to say to Nishmo about the caves when he returned.

“If we find enough grass and water in this part of the mountains, we may wish to make our home in the caves,” he opined. “When the hard rains come, we shall be glad for the shelter.”

CHAPTER III.

The Tunnel Beneath Rim Rock.

RLOGI'S prediction concerning a need of shelter was brought home to the boys within forty-eight hours. The sky that had withheld its moisture so long, became overcast suddenly. The downpour was accompanied by an electrical display and its accompanying crashes of thunder that made Nishmo fairly helpless with fear. It had never been his lot to live through a mountain storm of like intensity. He looked upon it as the visitation of the wrath of gods that had been defied. When the sheep and the camp outfit had been brought beneath the sheltering cliffs, he voiced his doubts once more concerning the wisdom of seeking pasture for the sheep in Spirit Mountain. He shouted to be heard above the sound of thunder. "The spirits are telling us of their anger," he declared. "We have no chance to live here in peace."

Answering an imperative call to his manhood from a source higher than the brooding spires of Spirit Mountain, Klogi told Nishmo that man had as friend a Being mightier than the force of the wind, rain, and lightning and that man should never fear.

For five days the rains continued with only short intermissions during which the sheep were driven out to graze. The earth became soggy with moisture. The canyons awoke as their beds became the courses of red rivers. The steeper slopes buckled and threatened to slip. There came a night when the rumble of mountain slides increased the terrors occasioned by the continuous flashes of lightning and the roll of thunder. In the morning the boys discovered that the entire bed of the box canyon in which they had sought shelter was covered with water.

Still more startling was the discovery Nishmo made after observing the great pool for a few minutes. "The water is not running out of the canyon," he said. "It is rising higher every moment."

Klogi watched the action of the lake at

the mouth of the canyon and convinced himself that Nishmo had not overstated the gravity of the situation. "The water is backing up into this canyon from the main canyon," he observed. "A big mountain slide has formed a dam out there somewhere. We must go to a higher level."

Nishmo glanced at the sheer mountain wall lifting to the sky on every hand and shook his head. "Not in here, of course," said Klogi, divining his cousin's thoughts. "We must go to the slopes above the larger canyon."

"But how do we get out of this one?"

Klogi pointed to the slope beneath the opposite wall. "We must circle the pool and go out on the other side. The slope is too steep on this side."

"Let us hurry!"

"We will take all of our camp supplies and the sheep."

With infinite patience the boys herded the flock around the pool and through the ever narrowing passage between the rising water and the canyon wall.

In the main canyon they discovered the cause of the setting back of the flood

water. The narrow gateway at the lower end had been completely obliterated by a slide of earth and rock of staggering proportions. One great pinnacle rock lying across the canyon floor was in itself an effective barrier.

The darkness of another night soon closed about Klogi, Nishmo, and the sheep. There could be no fire as all the fuel obtainable on the mountain side was water-soaked. The boys took turns herding the sheep. Sleep did not drop with its usual swiftness upon the boy whose alternate turn it was to find rest beneath wet blankets. Before morning the elements awoke to renewed fury. Cloud-burst succeeded cloud-burst. The rumble and roar of the slipping mountain sides combined with the artillery of the heavens to fill the hours with terror for the Indians. Wolf, gaunt with his long vigils, proved his courage by standing by his woolly charges. The sheep again and again were kept from stampeding by constant shepherding. In no emergency did Nishmo fail Klogi although living in constant fear of some greater and more dreadful manifesta-

tion of that which he believed to be the vengeance of the Great Spirit who controlled the lightning and the rain.

With the passing of every hour, the water in the canyon arose to new levels. Constantly did it become necessary for the boys to move their camp and the sheep farther up the slope. As night settled about them, the walls of the canyon seemed to close above them and then suddenly to part as though split asunder by the lightning. All through the night the rain fell in smothering blankets.

When the light of another day filtered down to them, the boys discovered to their dismay that they had been driven almost to the base of the rim rock and that their retreat in all directions evidently had been cut off.

Rapidly Klogi made a survey of the slope in one direction while Nishmo explored another section. The signal agreed upon was one rifle shot in case a way out was discovered and two rifle shots in case it was imperative for one boy to join the other.

Ten minutes after the two separated,

Klogi heard two rapid reports of Nishmo's gun. Over soggy ground and tumbled heaps of rocks, earth, and trunks of trees, Klogi scrambled in an obstacle race against time. He found Nishmo staring into a gash in the slope close to the base of the rim rock. Here thousands of tons of rock and earth had tumbled from the mountain side to the bed of the canyon to form the dam that closed the narrow gateway and held back the flood waters. "What a hole!" exclaimed Klogi. "A tunnel leading into the mountain has been uncovered. I never saw its like."

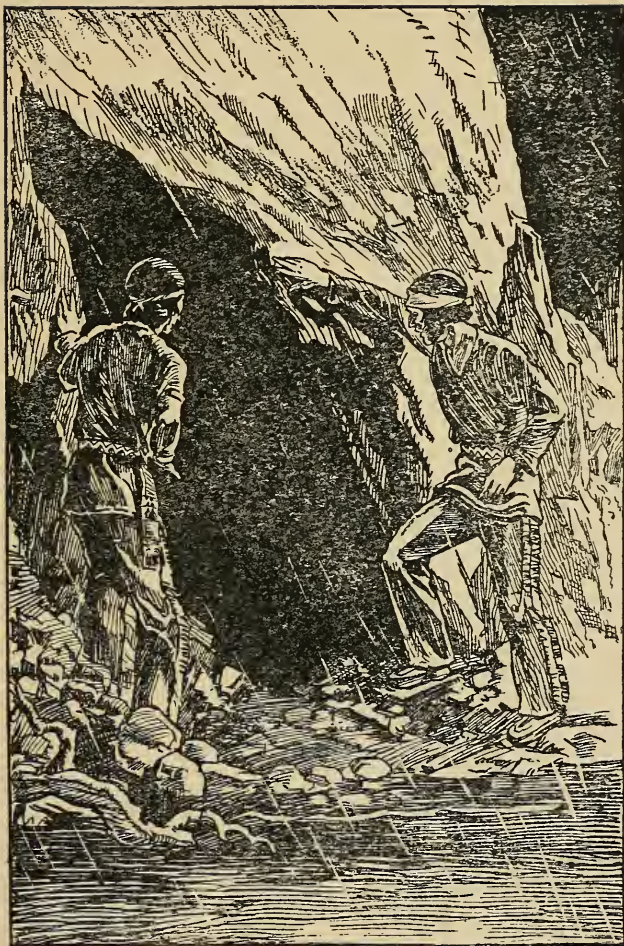
Nishmo was too excited to say much. "The trail to the gods of the underworld—maybe so."

"No time to discuss the superstitions of our fathers now. Let the brave hearts of our fathers live in us. Let's explore this passageway. It may lead us to a safe place to stay until this flood is over."

"And leave the sheep unherded?"

"Wolf stays by the sheep. Besides, they cannot go far on account of the water."

In the center of the great gash where the soil had buckled and slipped away



"Let's explore this passageway."



from the mountain side was revealed the entrance to a tunnel with a smooth floor and arched ceiling upheld by thick timbers. The action of the landslide had revealed a mine, doubtless centuries old, that had been buried by former slides starting higher up the slope.

"Our fathers say that the Spaniards came to this country in search of gold. This may be one of their forgotten mines."

The boys entered the tunnel which extended on a level two hundred yards or so straight back into the mountain and then continued on a gentle upcourse for twice that distance to its terminal on the opposite side of the lofty cliff that it penetrated. From this latter entrance the boys obtained a wonderful view of a wide valley flanked on all sides by towering mountains half hidden by clouds that were drenching the earth. "Our way out!" cried Klogi, gripping his friend's arm in gratitude. "We will bring the sheep through."

The task proved to be a difficult one as anyone who has handled sheep would surmise. Sheep go reluctantly into nar-

row places; the Navajo sheep did not care for this underground passage to their safety. They had been trained to follow an old goat, but this ancient leader of the flock first had to be induced to enter the tunnel. This took time. Finally the old trail-wise goat walked into the tunnel in a manner that inspired confidence in the sheep. They followed.

With Nishmo and Wolf leading and Klogi and the saddle horses and pack burros bringing up the rear, the sheep were driven successfully through the dry tunnel and out upon a steep, grass-covered slope.

The downpour of rain continued throughout the day and night. The boys found shelter in a rock house that was the only structure standing amid a group of ruined buildings that at one time must have housed a human colony of considerable size. The shepherds were too weary to carry their explorations beyond the necessary task of hunting for dry wood beneath piles of the shale rock that at one time formed human dwellings. A few bits of broken pottery in the rock house chosen by the boys as their camp-

ing place aroused Klogi's curiosity. Klogi spoke of his conviction that the village had been the abiding place of Indians rather than white men. He mentioned the broken pieces of earthenware as proof.

Early next morning he carried his research farther and returned with other and much larger specimens of the handicraft of the people who doubtless once had inhabited the village. "We do not know why the people went away from their houses, but we will take what they have left, our hearts thankful."

Klogi was examining intently the ancient painting on a broken water jar. What thoughts and conjectures the remarkable black and red designs aroused in his mind, he did not reveal. He was stirred to the depths of his being. The designs were vaguely familiar to him.

After the morning meal, he asked Nishmo to care for the sheep while he carried on his explorations farther. He dug beneath some of the larger piles of shale and earth within ruined walls and was rewarded for his efforts by uncovering a few pieces of pottery almost intact. He

studied every specimen carefully. His wonder grew.

Only once in his life had Klogi seen pottery of similar design, form and beauty. The originality of the decorations and the smoothness of the glazed surfaces combined to awaken in Klogi memories of another village that he had explored with his Hopi friends, Juan and Yotto. On that occasion he had been the timid one. He would never forget his dread upon his first approach to the City of the Dead, shunned by all Navajos. In that abandoned village on the southern limits of the Hopi country where Juan and Yotto had found refuge at a time when it was unsafe for them to live among their own people, Klogi had seen pottery like the broken specimens he had gathered from among the ruins to which a strange shift of fortune now had brought him and Nishmo. What intercourse the people who had dwelt in this remote place had sustained with the inhabitants of that deserted and ruined village, Klogi could only surmise. That the inhabitants of both villages may have been the same people, migrating from

one place to the other, was not beyond the range of possibilities. He longed greatly for the companionship just then of his loyal friends, Juan and Yotto, as well as of old Suta, the Hopi war chief who was wise in Hopi Indian lore and for whom Klogi had high regard. He knew of Suta's lifelong search for the dwelling places of his ancestors and of the old Hopi's desire to restore to the Hopi a knowledge of a lost art.

These thoughts engaged Klogi's mind to the exclusion of all else. Suddenly, however, the boy was brought back to a consciousness of the immediate necessity of performing tasks that would make life possible in the new country which Nishmo and he had already named Walled-up Valley. Fuel must be gathered; also wild fruits and vegetables; game must be shot or trapped and skins tanned. They wanted to live in peace, so that they could care for their sheep, the sheep their mothers had given them. To elude Gray Hawk, cunning as a wolf in his greed, was a distinct accomplishment. Klogi was strangely happy as he ran back to the house chosen as headquarters.

Life held great possibilities in such a glorious valley that lay before him.

A shout, wild and long drawn out, was carried on the wind to Klogi's ears. It did not sound like Nishmo's voice. Joy rather than distress, was expressed by the cry.

Klogi looked for the sheep and saw them on a ridge at the right of the abandoned village. Nishmo was not in sight. A chorus of voices behind Klogi caused him to whirl. In surprise he faced a dozen half-clad savages with poised spears in their hands. Every weapon was aimed in his direction as the group advanced toward him. Klogi did not have his rifle. Wondering what fate had overtaken Nishmo, he did not think of flight for himself. He made no resistance as the men rushed upon him and took him captive.

Over the ridge where the sheep grazed came other Indians with Nishmo as prisoner.

The captives were tied together with strips of rawhide taken from the boys' packs. They were then thrust into the rock house they had selected as home.

CHAPTER IV.

Chief Hawk Man.

NOW, what do you make of this?" asked Nishmo who had preserved a calmness that drew from Klogi a word of praise.

"Tell me your experiences first," said Klogi. "You have been hurt. Blood runs down your cheek."

"It was a strange hour for me. Many things have happened quickly. I had climbed the slope that rises above this side of the valley to have a wider look over the country when I heard voices far above me. What I saw filled me with sudden anger. On the highest point of rock stood three people—one man, very big and strong, an old man, and a boy. The big man was binding the boy's arms to his body. I ran up there quickly as it appeared to me that they intended to throw the boy over the cliff. The old man was going through some kind of ceremony.

“About that time I noticed a group of people gathered on a level place just below the rim rock. They were moaning and wailing. I thought the thing to do was to climb up on the rim rock and grab the boy out of the hands of the big man who seemed to be getting ready to throw him down into the canyon. It was more than I could stand. When I got there, those people who were watching stopped their wailing. They set up a great shout of joy. They laughed and circled around. I pulled the boy away from the edge of the cliff.

“By that time some of the others were up there to grab me. I then saw that I was to be pushed over the edge instead of the boy I had saved. I could see now that the joy was all over the change of victims. Maybe it was fixed so somebody had to be pushed off the rim rock into the canyon. I was wondering about this and feeling pretty sick too when somebody caught sight of you down here poking around among these ruins. A party set off at once to waylay you.”

“They are a happy lot of Indians now,” remarked Klogi. “What a noise

they are making! They are holding a council and haven't decided yet whether to kill us today by throwing us off the top of the cliff into the outer world or wait until they have brought together all the tribe."

"Do you understand their words?" asked Nishmo.

"I have a surprise for you," said the other. "These people are Hopi Indians, I believe they are the Lost Tribe of the Hopi for which Suta, the war chief of Talpiti, has been searching these many years."

"Should we not be safe in their hands?" Nishmo spoke softly as the tumult outside had ceased. "The Hopi have been your friends."

"These people are enslaved by their superstitions. They have been shouting that the gods of the lightning and of the rain should be repaid by the sacrifice of a human life. There has been a long drought. 'The rains have come! A vow to pay!' some have continued to shout. They were to sacrifice one of their own number, the boy you saved; but now that we have come so unexpectedly, they have

taken it as a sign from the Great Spirit that the life of the Hopi boy should be spared and one or both of us sacrificed instead."

"You have heard all this even while we have been prisoners here?" asked Nishmo in surprise.

"Plainly enough. No one need mistake the meaning of their talk. One after another and sometimes all together, they have shouted opinions. They are quiet now. A person high in authority is approaching. Some one announced this just before the crowd stopped being so noisy. We will soon know what to expect."

Several Indians entered the rock house, seized the boys, and led them to the center of the group in council. An old Indian with hair almost white stood in the center of the circle to have a close look at the boys. He said nothing for several minutes. All waited for him to speak. At last he began to talk. Klogi testified to his eloquence when the two boys were again alone inside the rock house.

"No one can figure out how we entered this valley," said the older Navajo

boy. "We may be gods, the old chief declares. I learned also that if we do not prove to be gods, we must die. There are two reasons why we must die if we are not divine. One is traditional. Their tribal law permits no stranger to live in their land. We are the first to come in the memory of the old men. Once in the long ago their enemies tormented their fathers continually until they fled to this remote valley set between mountains that cannot be scaled. For many years they have lived in peace. No one has come to molest and no stranger shall be allowed to leave this valley to betray its existence to other tribes that may come and make war upon them."

"So we are to die if we are not gods," said Nishmo, grimly. "Small chance to live."

"True enough," said Klogi. "Especially when these people right now believe they should sacrifice human life to fulfill a vow to the rain god. It appears that they have been praying for rain for many months. Rain has come in great downpours and they think their gods must be rewarded. Ah, Nishmo, the God

that I have come to know through the teachings of Juan and Yotto does not ask for the sacrifice of human life in return for his good gifts."

"You came through great trials without showing fear," said Nishmo. "I would be glad to know more about your God."

"It will give me joy to travel along the Jesus Road with you."

"That old man who honored us with his attention just now," said Nishmo, "is the same who was performing some ceremony at the top of the cliff while the other man held the boy."

"He must be the high priest," suggested Klogi. "I think he has great influence over these people. What he decides in our case will be carried out. I think they call him Hawk Man."

"I felt that he looked kindly upon us."

Events that transpired surprised the boys. Instead of rough treatment and imprisonment, they were conducted with a great show of respect across the valley to the opposite highlands where a pueblo was perched among the rocks above a flowing spring. They were shown the

house in which they could spread their blankets, and to them were brought baskets of melons, jars of ground corn and fresh water. Hawk Man spread his arms widely to take in the entire place as much as to say: "Strangers, the keys of our village are turned over to you."

Thoughts of their beloved sheep feeding in the valley were uppermost in the minds of Klogi and Nishmo. They desired ardently to be with them. So far they had noticed that the inhabitants of this strangely remote valley had not gone near the sheep. Wolf had kept close guard over them and would have disputed the right of anyone approaching them other than Klogi and Nishmo.

The boys discussed the possibility of being allowed to return to the sheep. The great valley of grazing land seemed to be waiting. Such magnificent pasture their eyes had never beheld. The recent rains had brought it to life. The colony of Indians that was forcing its hospitality upon them seemed to possess no domestic animals. Everywhere were little patches of corn, chili peppers, beans, melons, and peach orchards. Of sheep,

cattle or horses, there were none in sight. The pastures were there untrampled. Would the boys be permitted to live at peace in the valley with their sheep?

Two men stood outside the rock house. No doubt they were guards; yet they did not appear to be keenly watchful. Evidently orders had been given them to keep at a respectful distance from the Navajo boys whose manner of coming to Walled-up Valley was a mystery to the inhabitants. Klogi, knowing the Hopi tongue, had listened to much grave speculation. Were the strangers gods or humans? If humans, how could they have climbed mountain walls that were not possible for humans to scale? They had brought with them many four-footed animals that had thick hair as white as the clouds that floated across the sky.

When Klogi told Nishmo all he had heard, the latter, on his part, wondered how people could live in so great ignorance. Klogi thought out a theory of his own. Prompted by the peculiar markings on the pottery, he was ready to believe that this Hopi clan once inhabited the Pueblo village called the City of the

Dead, which the Navajos shunned and which he had entered in company with Juan and Yotto. He hoped to live to see the day when he could tell Suta, the wise and kind old Hopi war chief, that he had found people who were descended from the same ancient Wolf Clan to which his ancestors belonged. Suta would know. He was wise beyond all men Klogi had known.

"How do you like being thought a god?" asked Nishmo suddenly.

The question acted like a spark to fire Klogi's own conviction in the matter. "I don't like it. I've been thinking that the best thing to do is to speak to these people in their language—tell them who we are, how we came here, and take whatever comes. I believe Hawk Man is kind in his heart; he will listen; he will counsel wisely. We will say that we will help his people. We have sheep and know how to care for them. There are other things we may teach these people."

"I would rather win their friendship as a human than overawe them by posing as a god."

"Right you are, Nishmo," declared

Klogi. "That has been my thought."

The effect of Klogi's next act was spectacular. Standing outside the rock house, he shouted at the top of his voice in the Hopi tongue that he desired a council to be held of all the leading men of the village. Word that the captives spoke the language common to all in the village spread like a prairie fire before a gale. Of the two Navajos only Klogi spoke in the Hopi tongue, he having gained a knowledge of it through association with Juan and Yotto. The people of the pueblo later were to learn this.

When Klogi called out like any Indian camp crier that he desired to converse with the clan leaders, fear vied with curiosity in the hearts of the villagers. Many actually believed that the two boys were supernatural beings. What else could they be? On every hand great mountain walls protected the valley from the invasion of aliens. The great perpendicular walls, hundreds of feet high, prevented the most cunning mountain climber from entering the valley or leaving it. The Navajos had given it a truly descriptive name: Walled-up Valley.

Neither Klogi nor Nishmo had seen more than one part of those towering ramparts. They had learned of the character of the mountains, however, when Hawk Man made his address that morning in the deserted village. Evidently the passage which one landslide had closed years ago and another had opened but a few hours ago, was the only entrance to the valley. The topographical features of their country not only afforded protection from invasion, but also made prisoners of this Pueblo tribe.

Crowds gathered in various corners of the village plaza evidently awaiting their white-haired old chief, Hawk Man. The villagers were engaged in animated discussions. Gradually the Indians gathered in one group from the center of which emerged after a time, the venerable leader. It was evident that Hawk Man had accepted Klogi's offer to address the head men of the village, for every man in sight now followed the chief to the corner of the plaza where Klogi and Nishmo stood. The latter had not left the rock house that had been assigned to them.

Klogi addressed first Hawk Man and

then the men who stood about the chief. "My wish just now is to explain about ourselves. We are Indians just as you are. Both of us are Navajos. We are friends, not gods. There is only one God, the Great Spirit who made the earth and the sky. We did not come to your valley to molest you. The flood waters from the mountains filled the canyon where we were resting with our sheep. We thought our last hour had come, but a wonderful deliverance became ours when we discovered an underground passage leading into this valley."

"There is no passage from the outside leading to our valley!" cried Hawk Man. "Our people will not believe that."

"Before the sun goes down I can show you," offered Klogi.

"If you show us a way by which a man can reach our valley from the great world beyond the canyons, you will die. No alien may come to us and live. Our traditions say that all people are our enemies. You must be gods; there is no way by which you could have come to us if you are not gods."

CHAPTER V.

The Captives.

BRIEFLY Klogi related the adventures experienced by himself and Nishmo since the two fled from the Navajo country. He related how his uncle, the powerful and wily Gray Hawk, had sought to secure for himself the fine band of sheep to pay the medicine man for many elaborate ceremonies. With the picturesque imagery with which Indians are wont to adorn their narratives, the young Navajo described some of the customs of his people, dwelling particularly upon some of the more pronounced superstitions, such as the fear of death and of "evil spirits." While he spoke, he noticed a fine looking boy listening most intently. Nishmo also observed the boy and quietly communicated the information to Klogi that the youth was the same whom he had snatched from death on the cliff that morning. Klogi turned toward the boy

when he stated his hope that the ancient customs of the red men might not prevail when those customs unnecessarily sacrificed the happiness of innocent people.

Klogi would have said more that day, but he noted that the people of the pueblo were anxious to cross the valley to examine the underground passage. Hawk Man walked beside the boys, refusing to ride the horse Klogi offered him. These four-footed animals of the newcomers were strange to all the inhabitants of the valley. They were still to learn their use.

Pine fagots were gathered to serve as torches to light the way into the tunnel. Hawk Man followed closely upon the heels of the Navajos down the decline; other Indians, according to their rank, followed gingerly. Hawk Man volunteered the information that the tunnel was shunned by all of his people inasmuch as their tradition was to the effect that in the long ago their fathers entered the valley by way of the tunnel; then the god of the underworld had closed the farthest entrance so that no enemy could follow to molest them. On the other

hand, Hawk Man's people knew that by the same sign they believed it to be the will of the god of the underworld that no one in the valley should leave the valley by way of the tunnel. Only by obeying the god of the underworld had they lived in peace. For many years they had shunned the tunnel, even abandoning the village that had been built near its mouth.

Suddenly Klogi stepped in water. He held his torch high and discovered that from that point as far as he could see, there was water. The tunnel was flooded! How narrowly Nishmo and he had escaped the rush of the flood water from the canyon he could only imagine. The thought was not a pleasant one.

"We were driven into the tunnel by the water!" explained Klogi again to Hawk Man and his under-chiefs. "We did not know that it rose high enough to fill the tunnel. No one can pass through." To Nishmo he spoke in the Navajo tongue. "We are now prisoners of Spirit Mountain. We cannot leave Walled-up Valley by way of the tunnel

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until the water flows back and that may never be."

"I would rather be a prisoner of Spirit Mountain than the victim of Gray Hawk's greed," offered Nishmo.

"Let us hope that we win the friendship of these people," replied Klogi.

"You have shown us that the tunnel cannot admit one to our valley," said Hawk Man. "What am I to tell my people?"

"Let them go to the top of the cliff and look down into the outer canyon," directed Klogi. "They will see a great lake that was not there before. I told you about the landslide that uncovered the other entrance. I have told you that we are not gods nor the sons of gods. Tell your people that we are your friends and that it is our desire to prove that to be true. We see that among other things your people need blankets to keep them warm when winter comes. Your people have for clothing garments made of grass and skins of the deer and rabbit. We will prove how good it is to wear blankets made of wool."

"Until two moons have come and

gone, my people will not forbid you freedom in our village and our valley. That will be my command to them. Meanwhile you may care for your sheep on such pastures as you may choose. All pools and streams will be open to you. See that you make trouble with no man. Always have we lived at peace with one another during the years that I have been the chief of this people. Only once was there war among our people and that was long ago when our people lived in the village across the valley that is now deserted and in ruins. In that day long ago two men wanted to be chief. Two villages were built and each warred against the other. One village was destroyed. Today we live in peace. You must allow my men to watch you. After two moons we will know more about you."

The word of the old Pueblo Indian was not broken. Klogi and Nishmo were given the freedom of the valley. The boys preferred to camp with their sheep as had been their custom always. Each day Hawk Man detailed three men to go out into the valley to watch them as they

herded their sheep, cooked their meals, erected and pulled down their tepee when they moved from one place to the other. Especially were the Pueblo Indians interested in the boys' horses and their manner of handling them.

Meanwhile the two young strangers from the Navajo country became interested in the life of the Pueblo Indians. They never tired of examining the articles of earthenware of rare design found in all the houses. They learned how these dwellers in the Valley of Refuge trapped their game, ground corn and wild seeds in their stone *metates*, and made clothing of cedar bark, yucca, and other vegetal fibres as well as of skins of wild animals such as the deer, wolf, and rabbit. Their admiration for this people grew daily as they noted the many ingenious methods to which they had resorted to maintain their lives under absolutely primitive conditions in a land cut off from the rest of the world.

The young Navajos lost no time in beginning the enterprise that would prove how useful the Navajo flock might become to the people in Walled-up Val-

ley. Klogi built a simple Navajo loom. With the fleeces from three sheep which Nishmo sheared, Klogi wove a blanket for Hawk Man. One fleece was of black wool; the other two were white. The design that Klogi worked out was one that had been created by his mother, typically Navajo in pattern. The weaving attracted daily crowds from the pueblo. The inhabitants of Walled-up Valley watched the blanket grow inch by inch until the design had been completed and the garment removed from the loom. Before allowing the blanket to be placed around his shoulders, the old chief went through the Hopi ceremony of offering corn meal to the great above and to the underworld and to the north, south, east, and west.

Hawk Man's sub-chiefs gathered about him. They seemed to feel that he needed some kind of protection. They insisted upon choosing a member of their group as one who should first wear the blanket and suffer the ill effect if the blanket should prove to be bad medicine. Hawk Man vetoed this plan. He would show his young guests that he was not

afraid to wear the blanket. He commanded his men to place it upon his shoulders. There was unbroken silence during the ceremony. Hawk Man, first Hopi Indian in Walled-up Valley to wear a wool blanket, enjoyed the experience.

After sundown he went out to the Navajo's camp again to hold a long conversation with the boys. The air was cool at night in that altitude and Hawk Man was impressed with the great comfort the blanket afforded him. He told the shepherds that he wanted them to teach some of his men to make blankets. When they gladly promised to do this, the old Indian was in a mood to answer many questions that had been uppermost in the minds of the boys. The latter learned much of the history of the people in Walled-up Valley. Klogi questioned Hawk Man closely concerning the traditions surrounding the early immigration of his people to the valley. In turn Klogi told Hawk Man all he knew of the Hopi tribes that lived on the mesas west of the Navajo country, mentioning his two friends Juan and Yotto; of Suta, the old war chief, also, he had

much to say. Klogi told also of the search Suta had made for the dwelling places of his ancestors and of the old war chief's joy when there were brought to him from the City of the Dead many specimens of decorated pottery. He recalled several of Suta's stories concerning his ancestors, tales that had been told to Suta by his grandmother.

One of these stories had to do with an old-time Hopi priestess named Saalako, the great-great-grandmother of Suta. At the mention of the name of the mother of the first chief of the Wolf Clan of the Hopi's, Hawk Man's eyes blazed with interest. His mouth opened, but some strong emotion overcame speech. When he regained control of himself, his first question was an inquiry concerning Suta. "Do you know if he is well? Is he held in high esteem by others?"

"He is an old man," replied Klogi. "In a war with the Apaches he lost both his legs, but he is strong. With his powerful arms he pulls and lifts himself around as spry as a mountain lion. There is no man in his village, Talpiti, whose word in council is stronger than

Suta's. He is the war chief of Talpiti, and in all of the pueblos of the Hopi there is no braver or wiser man."

"He is of the blood line of all of our great chiefs," offered Hawk Man. "If he were in this valley, he would rule as our chief. Even I, Hawk Man, am not of Suta's rank among Hopi chieftains. I am of another family, but closely related to that of Suta. There is only one person in the Valley of Refuge who is a direct descendent of Saalako.* He is a boy over whom I have watched like a father. Some day Red Eagle will be the chief among these people. He is brave, strong and kind. When the evil spirit of famine looked us in the face, when it seemed that another season would pass without rain, when the lot was cast and Red Eagle was named by the spirit that controlled the lot as the one to be offered as a gift to the thunder god that rain might be sent, Red Eagle did not shrink. He stood out like a brave, without a word of sorrow that he must take his leave of this earth. In that day he went to the

**Among Hopi Indians family name, inherited honors, and property rights descend through the mother.*

edge of the topmost rock on the cliff. In sorrow I prayed to the Great Spirit for his easy passage to the land of the Beyond when your friend here who does not speak our tongue, snatched him away from our hands. This we took as good medicine given to us by our gods. Red Eagle's life was spared.

“You two young men live because of my command that no one lay hands upon you or disturb you in the care of your sheep. You have brought word of Suta. Go from me to him! You have powers beyond us; this I can see.” The old chief pointed at the blanket that he wore. “Go tell Suta that the people in the Valley of the Refuge, the valley you call Walled-up Valley, wait for him. Soon my days will end. I am a very old man. Yellow Corn, second in authority, is powerful but his heart is not good. He cares only for himself. He will be Red Eagle's guardian by the laws of our tribe. I have always feared to trust Red Eagle in his power. When Red Eagle is older, he will be able to take care of himself. He is greatly beloved by my people, but he must be trained to be a chief. Bring

to us Suta of Talpiti. In his hands I will be happy to leave Red Eagle."

"Has any one been able to leave your Valley of Refuge?" asked Klogi.

"No one within my memory has been able to find his way down the mighty cliffs that surround us on all sides. Our traditions tell us that we will be wiped out as a people if we leave the Valley of Refuge. We have believed it is the will of our gods that no one should be allowed to live who came to us from beyond the protecting walls the gods built all around this valley."

Hawk Man threw a pinch of dust to the four winds and to the above and the below in honor of his gods. There was more that he wished to say.

"Our ancestors who lived in the City of the Dead did not die at the hands of their enemies. They fled from their village that we called Hano and came to this valley a valley of refuge hidden from the eyes of their enemies. The passage under the mountain was closed by the gods of the underworld after they passed through."

"A great upheaval of the earth

brought your ancestors peace," said Klogi. He wished to add that a mountain slide instead of the god of the underworld must have closed the canyon end of the tunnel but he did not wish to offend the old Indian whose voice betrayed the weariness that was stealing over him.

Hawk Man fought against his physical weakness and went on with his instructions.

"Go, tell Suta that his people are waiting for him! Nothing worse can happen than that which now threatens my people. I am old and Yellow Corn has an evil spirit. He was glad when Red Eagle offered himself as a gift to the god of thunder. He laughed in his heart. When I am gone, he will laugh. His medicine will be stronger than Red Eagle's because Red Eagle is young. Yellow Corn will ruin my people. Under him they will not prosper. No chief in Yellow Corn's line has been good in his heart."

Hawk Man had made a long speech. He was terribly exhausted with the effort. His bitterness combined with his late vigil beside the camp fire of the

Navajos gravely affected Hawk Man in spirit and body. Klogi urged him to ride his finest saddle horse on his return to the pueblo, but Hawk Man rejected this assistance. He gathered about him the blanket gift of the Navajos and stalked away, his head erect. In the morning he would call a council. He would tell his people of Suta and exhort them to do everything in their power to help one or both of the strangers down the mountain walls to take the word to Suta that his people were living and waiting for him.

Before the eastern horizon showed the first glimmer of dawn Klogi found himself wide awake and sitting up. A voice had spoken softly close to his ear and yet Klogi could see no one. He felt a slight movement of his blanket and then observed in the darkness a form lying flat upon the ground. A hand reached out and lightly touched his lips.

"Come," whispered the unknown camp visitor in the Hopi tongue. It could not be Nishmo. Klogi rolled out of his bed quietly and followed the other. When he could peer into his face, he recognized Red Eagle.

CHAPTER VI.

The Enchanted Canyon.

ARE you alone?" asked Red Eagle anxiously.

"Nishmo and I are alone. Hawk Man and two of his sub-chiefs were here last night, but they returned to the village."

"Hawk Man did not return," said Red Eagle. "He died before reaching the village. The head men are now arousing the people. They will have a ceremony before they bury Hawk Man among the rocks outside the pueblo and then Yellow Corn will lead the people against you."

"Against me? Nishmo?"

"Yes. It is believed that the blanket you gave Hawk Man is bad medicine. They will destroy you, your sheep, and your horses. They are telling one another that their traditions about the misfortune that will befall us should strangers come to the Valley of Refuge are true. Yellow

Corn has called from the highest roof in the pueblo at midnight that I must carry out my promise made to the rain god or greater evil will come to my people. I, therefore, must die. I go willingly."

"Please say no more about that until we wake up Nishmo," requested Klogi. "He must know of our danger."

Rapidly Klogi interpreted for Nishmo the startling news brought by Red Eagle. When Nishmo was informed of Red Eagle's intention to offer his body again as a sacrifice to the rain god, he uttered a vehement protest. "No, no!" he cried. "It must not be! Only in the long ago were such things done. Even our own people at Talpiti, who once sold their children for corn to the people south of the Rio Grande, do that no more. This thought of human sacrifice is from the long, long ago."

"I do it to save my people," said Red Eagle stoutly. "The gods demand it."

"Klogi can tell you of a better God," declared Nishmo.

"We have no time to talk here," replied Red Eagle. "Soon my people will come. They will be led by Yellow Corn."

"Why do you wish to save us from the wrath of your people?" asked Klogi.

"I know that you tried to be my friends," said Red Eagle. "Because you came I am alive. My great uncle, Hawk Man, protected you. He saw something good in your hearts."

"By befriending us, you will lose the love of your people."

"Let it be so. I will show you a place where no one will dare to follow; then I will return to my people to die for them."

Red Eagle and the Navajos talked while they hurriedly packed for the journey on which Red Eagle was to be guide. He led them to the far northwest section of the valley toward the highest peak of the mountain range that encircled the secluded land. Toward noon they were among some hills and buttes. Passing these they reached a desert plain, volcanic in nature. The sun, in mid-heavens, shone fiercely down upon them.

"Among these rocks our trail will be lost," said Red Eagle. "Beyond this desert lies Enchanted Canyon in which the rain god lives. In the long ago some

of our people were traveling through this canyon when a great flood of water swept them out into this desert. Since that time none of our people will enter Enchanted Canyon. We must reach it before night. Tomorrow morning Yellow Corn will come. This one day for mourning; tomorrow they will destroy. So I heard Yellow Corn tell our people from his housetop."

The sheep moved slowly among the rocks. Toward nightfall Red Eagle pointed at a dark gateway between rock cliffs. "That is the mouth of Enchanted Canyon."

"Are you not afraid?" asked Klogi.

"Hawk Man was not afraid," replied Red Eagle. "He told me that he traveled alone through the pass and reached a broad table-land where there were pools of cold water. It was his wish to speak to the god of the rain clouds that he might send water to our valley for our melons and our corn. He came back with sadness in his heart because he received no answer to his prayer. So disappointed was he that he told me alone of his visit to the land beyond En-

chanted Canyon. That is why I am not afraid to pass this way."

They camped within the canyon and next morning began the ascent that took them through Enchanted Canyon to the edge of a spreading table-land adorned by sparkling pools of water that were surrounded by a grassland of surpassing richness. "This is a land more beautiful than any we have seen in the country of the Navajos or Hopis," declared Klogi. "Grass and water for the sheep, game and fruits and roots for us. Here I should like to live always."

The Navajos noticed that Red Eagle was not at ease, his gaze roved about in apprehension of some impending disaster.

"God made this land for the comfort of his children," offered Klogi. "There is nothing to fear."

"I will leave you here and go back to my people," said Red Eagle.

"Not today nor tomorrow," pleaded Nishmo when the Hopi's intention had been communicated to him by Klogi. "Only grief and trouble are waiting for

you down there. Let them come for us if they will."

Red Eagle shook his head mournfully, but he did not leave his friends that day.

While the Navajos herded their sheep, the young Pueblo sat alone on a high rock, fasting, his face turned always toward the sun. Occasionally from a tightly woven grass bag he took meal and blew a pinch of it toward the north, south, and toward the rising and setting sun; nor did he forget the spirits that, according to his pagan belief, inhabited the regions above and below.

The Navajos did not disturb him in his worship. They understood the deep feeling that stirred within the breast of Red Eagle. They knew how strong could be the tribal call. They too had heard the "inner voices." Would Red Eagle yield to the strong call of the tribe? At dusk he returned to camp, but refused food. At sunup he was again engaged in his devotions, praying to the sun god, the god of the underworld and to the god that controlled the lightning and the rain.

"He will return to the Valley of Refuge to make the great sacrifice to ward off

the vengeance of the gods," explained Klogi. "He told me that the voices commanded him to go to his people."

"Yellow Corn will order him to fulfill his fatal promise," lamented Nishmo. "We must keep him with us."

"If by pleading we may do so," counseled Klogi. "We cannot use force."

"Your God will give you good medicine," said Nishmo.

During that night, Klogi did not sleep. He prayed as Juan and Yotto had taught him. The words of Nishmo did not leave him. "Your God will give you good medicine"; the words were written on his memory in blazing letters of gold. Greatly did it cheer him to learn that Nishmo's confidence in the one and only true God was growing.

Early next morning Red Eagle faced the east, Enchanted Canyon and the desert plain.

"I must say a last word to my friends. I go."

"But you go to Yellow Corn, whose medicine is stronger than yours," said Klogi. "I have a plan to help you take good medicine with you, so that your

people will gather about you. You are young; Yellow Corn is strong with the cunning of his years. In the council your voice will not be heard unless you have the strong medicine that we make for you."

"I am listening," said Red Eagle.

"Then sit once more by our camp fire. I have spoken to Nishmo. He says my God has spoken to me."

"Your heart is good. I will listen."

"I gave Hawk Man a blanket made from the wool of sheep," began Klogi. "He died before he reached his home with it. Take the word of one whose heart you say is good: The blanket did not kill your great chief. He was old; he was weary; his time had come. Yellow Corn wants to rule your people. He called out to them to see a bad sign in the blanket. He commanded them to rid the valley of the strangers who made bad medicine. He called upon you to fulfill your vow to your gods. He wants to have no one about him whose powers are greater than his. We will make a wonderful blanket for you; it will have the colors of the flowers growing beside the

brooks and of the rocks that are piled high above the canyons; its stripes of white will be like the clouds when the sun shines upon them; its stripes of black will be like the clouds when they hide the sun. When you return to your people through Enchanted Canyon wearing the blanket, they will believe that the gods are not angry with you. You will then tell them about the true God who made the flowers, the rocks, the clouds, and the lightning. They will listen to you."

"How do you know they will listen to me?" asked Red Eagle.

"Wait until you see the blanket."

Klogi's desire was to delay Red Eagle's return to gain time in which to dissuade Red Eagle from an act of worship that meant death for him.

"I will wait until I see the blanket," said Red Eagle.

Klogi and Nishmo began their task of making a blanket that proved to be the most beautiful produced by Navajos up to that day. Nishmo sheared three sheep and took from the fleeces only the longest and cleanest wool, carded and spun it

into yarn, using the same crude implements that Klogi had constructed when he prepared the blanket for Hawk Man. In the meantime Klogi hunted over the mountain sides for the material out of which he would make the colors. The bark of mountain mahogany and of alder, the twigs and leaves of juniper, and the flowering tops of rabbit weed or wild aster, were desired. Klogi spent many hours in search of these ingredients and collected a precious store of them. Red Eagle gave ready assistance to both boys.

One material greatly needed in combination with the juice extracted from the rabbit weed, was native alum. In the preparations of the yellows, old gold, olive, and green, alum as a mordant was needed. The search for it took Klogi over the highest point of the range and down the slope on the opposite side of the mountain to a ledge that overlooked a black narrow canyon. He did not find the desired mineral in that dismal place, but he made a discovery that brought him a thrill of surprise and happy anticipation. Fifty feet beneath him a pro-



The opposite wall formed a bridge that nearly spanned the chasm.



jection from the opposite wall of the narrow canyon formed a bridge that nearly spanned the chasm. On both sides the wall dropped a thousand feet to the bed of the canyon. He wondered whether or not he had come upon a natural means of escape from the superstitious tribe that inhabited the Valley of Refuge.

Shadows were filling the canyon; there was a difficult climb immediately ahead of him followed by the long precipitous descent to the camp. Good luck attended his return jaunt. In a deep ravine he came unexpectedly upon a deposit of alum. He gathered what he needed and proceeded downward, absorbed in thought. Unfolding in his mind was a new plan that had in it the possibility of deliverance and happiness for himself and other prisoners of Spirit Mountain and Walled-up Valley.

A survey from the backbone of the mountain surmounted that day had convinced him that it was the loftiest point of land in all that wild country. That this meant much to him he revealed to Nishmo.



CHAPTER VII.

Smoke Signals.

TODAY I stood on the summit of Spirit Mountain that has been a familiar sight to us since we were old enough to notice mountains," Klogi told Nishmo. "Maybe I have discovered a way out of this high country. Yotto and Juan may come to us."

"Yotto and Juan of Talpiti?" exclaimed Nishmo.

"They may come," repeated Klogi. "By their help we may escape."

"And leave the sheep?"

"That may be decided later," said Klogi. "Today I have thought much of Yotto and Juan! What good friends they have been! I will signal from the top of Spirit Mountain with puffs of black smoke from piñon wood while I brew the dyes in our kettles. Last night we saw the new moon; when it is full Juan and Yotto will be looking for me on the border where the land of the Hopis

touches the land of the Navajos. They will come to camp with me as they promised. They will not find me. They will go to Coyote Valley where our hogan stood. There they will not find me, but they will look for the sign I left for them beneath the large flat rock near the rock cairn we raised. Here they will find our message for them: an arrow pointing toward a picture of Spirit Mountain which I drew with a piece of red pipe-stone. They will come."

"But they cannot come all the way to us," said Nishmo.

"Our smoke signal will bring them to us," affirmed Klogi. "Only a narrow canyon will separate us and I know how to bridge that."

Animated by a conviction born that day, Klogi went on to tell of his discovery of the narrow place in the canyon and explained how a fifty-foot ladder woven out of the tough fibre of the yucca plant could be let down from the ledge as far as the great point of rock that projected from the opposite wall of the canyon. He described how one standing on the lower ledge could by means of a pole reach

across the chasm and hook the swinging end of the ladder, pull it to him, and anchor it beneath heavy rocks. "In this way we will bridge the gap," finished Klogi. "Our ladder will be strong enough for the heaviest man to climb."

"Your trail was a good one today," said Nishmo. "The great Spirit has given you a vision. May your trail and the trails of your friends meet above Spirit Canyon." The name given by Nishmo to the great gorge that Klogi had discovered was never changed to another.

The Navajos disclosed no part of their plan to Red Eagle that night. The next day they continued the preparations of the wool to be spun into a gorgeous blanket for the future Hopi chief. Nothing was said to Red Eagle to acquaint him with the hope of establishing communications with persons outside of Walled-up Valley. There was much to be done and to awaken fears in the superstitious mind of Red Eagle might prove fatal to their aim to bring Suta to the lost tribe of the Hopis. They hoped that he might be the means of freeing the people from the influence of

Yellow Corn whose heart was not good.

Red Eagle was given full charge of the sheep with Wolf always on duty. The Hopi was shown how to lead the sheep to water, spread them out in grazing, and bed them on sloping ground so that there would be no danger of the sheep, heavy with wool, rolling upon their backs during the night and dying in that position. He was shown the loco weed and cautioned to keep the sheep away from that poisonous plant as well as from stagnant water that had become bitter with alkali.

The Navajos gathered a great quantity of yucca and took it to the top of Spirit Mountain, where in secret they braided the stout fibre of the yucca into strands that were used in making the ladder. They kept a fire of pitch-laden wood burning continuously and by means of a blanket maintained smoke signals. Two successive puffs of smoke followed by a smoke column comprised their signal: "Come at once!" While one worked on the ladder, the other tended the fire and kept up the signalling.

Day after day the work was continued. While the sheep were cared for by Red

Eagle, the good medicine blanket was made by Klogi and Nishmo, secretly, on Spirit Mountain. Here a sharp lookout could be kept for any answering smoke signal from a neighboring peak.

Finally all the wool was dyed. At night in camp the Navajos in turn worked at the loom which Klogi had made.

One day a blanket beautiful beyond description, was thrown over the shoulders of Red Eagle.

"Good medicine!" exclaimed Klogi.
"Good medicine!"

"Now I shall go to my people," said Red Eagle. "I'll show them that the medicine of the Navajo shepherd boys did not kill Hawk Man. Then will their anger die and they will let you live in their valley."

"And you shall live," said Nishmo.

"No, Navajo friends, I made a vow to our gods and I must keep my vow or the anger of the sun god and the god of the rain and lightning will again bring evil days to my people."

The Navajos were unwilling to let Red Eagle go. Klogi was desperate. He had

prolonged the blanket weaving with the hope that a smoke signal on some distant peak would convey the welcome news that help was coming. In order to keep up his own smoke signal without exciting the suspicions of Red Eagle, Klogi had professed the need of a supply of dye to color the skin of a wolf which he had shot at dusk one evening when it was stealing upon the sheep.

"This skin when colored the deep red of blood will be the token of our undying friendship," said Klogi. "Do not go until you take this as a gift to your people."

Red Eagle consented to remain a few more days. At noon, the following day, Klogi saw a smoke signal about a peak beyond Spirit Canyon. "We come!" it read, made by three puffs followed by two columns of smoke.

"Juan and Yotto!" Klogi breathed the names gratefully. "I knew they would come. I need them. They can tell Red Eagle about the Jesus Road. They will do more for the true God than I can because I know so little."

Evening shadows were creeping across



"I must keep my vow or anger the sun god."



the table-land when Klogi arrived in camp with news that he told only to Nishmo. All that afternoon he had kept a smoke column ascending skyward to guide the travelers. Next day he told Red Eagle that he would need Nishmo's help on the mountain. Would Red Eagle herd the sheep at least one more day? Perhaps the wolf skin would be ready that day; or maybe tomorrow. It would be good medicine for Red Eagle! Good medicine for Red Eagle's people in the Valley of Refuge! Good medicine for the Wolf Clan!

Yes, Red Eagle would wait one day; maybe two days more.

At daybreak the smoke column again rolled upward from the top of Spirit Mountain. While Nishmo kept the fire burning to guide approaching friends, Klogi kept watch from the ledge overlooking the canyon, trusting to the trail sense of Juan and Yotto to bring them to the high country in answer to the smoke signals. One end of the ladder had been firmly anchored to a pole buried beneath a pile of heavy rocks. From the opposite rim rock extended a rolling mesa

covered with forest of piñon and juniper interspersed with open, grassy parks.

Klogi kept sharp lookout along the dark edges of the forest growths. A sense of utter loneliness stole over him as he watched. He felt wholly cut off from the world of men. Would his friends come to help him and Nishmo escape from the shut-in land, the land surrounded by towering canyon walls that no man could scale? Would nothing ever happen to free the people within the Valley of Refuge who were prisoners in a double sense—prisoners of the inaccessible mountains and prisoners of their superstitions and ancient tradition?

Klogi tried to free himself of harassing thoughts by singing softly a Navajo song. It occurred to him that if Juan and Yotto were near, his shouting might assist them in finding their way to the place where the lofty cliffs almost met at their summits about the canyon.

Klogi shouted the names of his Hopi friends and the effect was startling. From the near-by cliffs several answers came back sharp and clear; a moment

later came other answers thrown back from walls more distant, softer in tone yet as clear as the human voice. After a few minutes Klogi's words came back to him—"Juan!" "Yotto!"—clear, distinct, but softly as a breath out of limitless space.

"Spirit Canyon!" muttered Klogi. He found he needed all his self-control to shake himself out of a fit of trembling. He shouted again and again. The effort helped him to reconcile himself to the lonesomeness of the great chasm.

Klogi saw four persons step out from beneath the dense foliage of a cedar grove. He shouted in glee for he recognized Juan and Yotto. His two friends with two men were bearing between them a litter upon which lay a man.

As the party neared Klogi, the latter recognized the massive head and shoulders of Suta, the chief of the war clan of Talpiti. The newcomers had no horses and Klogi drew the conclusion that they had been traversing country too difficult for horses to travel. He noted that the four litter bearers seemed nearly exhausted with their efforts. All staggered

under their load. Suta, a legless man since the last great clash between the Hopi and the Apaches, had always been able to lift himself around by his powerful arms, but on a long march this was by no means an effective mode of travel. Was he totally disabled at the present time?

When the group approached within speaking distance, Klogi poured forth a veritable torrent of anxious inquiries. He learned that during four days the party had had little food and water. An accident to one of their pack horses on a narrow trail had resulted in the loss of needed supplies. They had not returned to their camp at the base of the mountains because of the urgency of the smoke signals. The lion-hearted Suta had refused to take his share of the water; now all were destitute either of water or food.

Klogi told the party of Hopi Indians to cut two long cedar saplings and lash them together so as to form a pole long enough to touch his side of the canyon. "While you get the poles, I will go to the camp for food and water—what little we

have in our camp at the top of the mountain where we made the smoke signals." He gave brief instructions concerning the making of a hook at the end of the pole with which to catch hold of the end of the ladder which he would lower when he returned.

He was not gone a great while. Nishmo returned with him. When the lower part of the ladder had been drawn to the opposite rim by Juan and Yotto, it was anchored there by rocks. Klogi was the first to test its strength. Nishmo spanned the chasm immediately after the feat had been accomplished by his cousin. Suta, weakened by prolonged thirst, did not recognize the boys. Gently Klogi forced a few drops of water between the teeth of the old war chief.

The small quantity of food and water that Klogi and Nishmo brought from their lookout on Spirit Mountain was scarcely enough to satisfy the five persons in the party that had made the arduous journey across the sand desert and over the rough mountainous country that flanked the heights dominated by Spirit Mountain. Juan was first to give Klogi

a detailed account of the incidents on the trail since Klogi's "sign" had been discovered in the vicinity of the burned hogan in Coyote Valley. He said that Suta, always in search of adventure, had requested that Juan and Yotto take him on their scheduled visit to the borders of the Navajo country in the hope that he might discover some clue to indicate that his ancestors were still inhabiting some remote village. He could not believe that all except his grandmother, Mati, had perished in the massacre. The story which had been told him over and over, was that she had been captured by the Navajos when she fled across the desert after the village, since known as the City of the Dead, had been raided. She had thus become separated from her people.

"Suta's dreams of seeing the people of his own clan, the ancient Wolf Clan, will be daydreams no more," said Klogi. "His people live beyond the great mountain that lifts its head to the sky. They live in a land they call the Valley of Refuge. Hawk Man, their chief, died a few suns ago. Is Suta too faint to hear this?"

"Suta sleeps now," said Yotto.

CHAPTER VIII.

Red Eagle of Wolf Clan.

WE will let Suta sleep," said Klogi. "All of you should sleep. While Nishmo stays here, I will go to our camp beyond the ridge and bring back water and food. You have done much for two Navajo Indians. Maybe so you will see that you have done much for Red Eagle and his people in the shut-in land."

Nishmo pulled at Klogi's arm to draw his attention to a discovery that he had made. Excitement was revealed in his voice and gesture as he pointed to the opposite ledge fifty feet above the rim.

"Red Eagle!" cried Nishmo. "Be quick, Klogi! Command him to put his knife away! He is about to cut the ladder!"

Even as Nishmo declared his conviction as to the intent of the Pueblo Indian, Red Eagle slashed at the tough yucca strands and severed the rope ladder close

to its upper end. It fell with a fateful swish and dangled over the deep chasm from the edge of the rim rock where Juan's and Yotto's long search had ended.

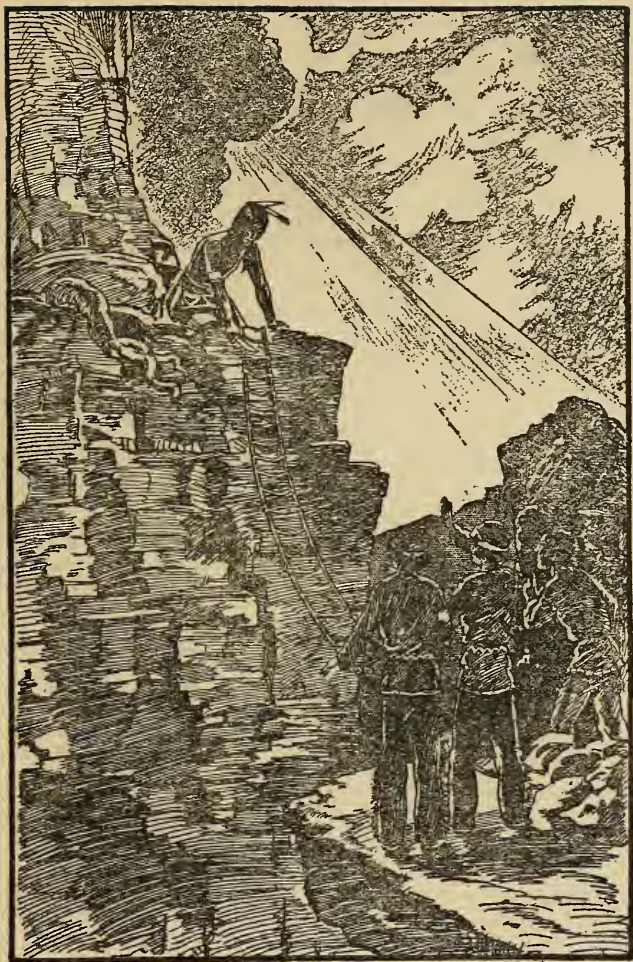
"Four days from water and food!" said Klogi sadly as he gazed at Suta and his well-nigh famished friends who had forced their marches in reply to his smoke signals.

Nishmo directed Klogi's attention once more to the shelf of rock on which Red Eagle stood. "See! He wears no more the blanket we wove!"

Having caught the eye of Klogi, Red Eagle spoke. "I wear the good medicine blanket of the Navajos—bah!" the young chieftain of the Pueblos laughed in derision.

Klogi was utterly bewildered. He had left Red Eagle in charge of the sheep with the assurance that the herd would be cared for until his return. "What have you done with the sheep?" he asked.

Red Eagle disdainfully trampled the "good medicine" blanket in his anger. When he spoke again, he held himself in better control as though some maturer



"Command him to put his knife away."



thought had sobered him. "I will tell you my story and then I will shut you from my eyes," replied Red Eagle. "Today the sun had reached the highest step in the sky when I saw many people swarming onto the Land of Deep Blue Lakes. They were my people from the Valley of Refuge. As I beheld them, I knew that at last your smoke clouds over Spirit Mountain had been seen by Yellow Corn. The smoke told him that we had not been destroyed by the god of the rain beyond Enchanted Canyon. Yellow Corn comes where it is safe to go. That is all plain to me. He comes to destroy you and then me. There will be no voice in the Valley of Refuge but his own. I had the sheep in a little gully where there was good grass. I drove them over two ridges, and down into another gully and set Wolf there. Maybe so he will stay there until he dies and the sheep die; maybe so my people will find them to destroy them."

"Why did you come to us?" asked Klogi.

"To warn you. To die with you. But now—"

Red Eagle spoke mournfully. For a

moment he was silent as he bowed his head in grief. Then he snapped his shoulders and head erect. "I came; found your camp, your trail; saw you down there with others; saw your ladder and five strangers! I see now that you planned with your smoke signals to call to this country the enemies of my people. You made your mouths say that you will make good medicine for me while I tend the sheep; in your hearts you plan to destroy."

"No, no, no!" objected Klogi. "Let me tell you of these your—"

"I listen no more. My people will come, but they will not find me. I did not keep my vow to the god of the rain and lightning. Our traditions are true. Evil follows the coming of the stranger. I have spoken." A piercing cry came from the throat of Red Eagle. He faced the setting sun and began to chant a song strangely foreign to anything Klogi or his Hopi friends had ever heard.

Juan, more skilled in the lore of the Hopis than Yotto, was first to sense the meaning of it. "He is singing the song

of an Indian about to make a great sacrifice," he said. "It is a death chant."

Klogi quickly interpreted for Nishmo this startling bit of information.

"No! Tell him that the true God is not a God who asks us to buy his favor with our lives." That Nishmo could speak so great a truth gave Klogi a thrill of joy.

The boys on the lower rim seemingly were powerless to turn Red Eagle aside from his purpose. His song continued, his voice gathering volume and power as he entered into the pagan spirit of it.

Suddenly Suta was aroused from his half stupor by the commotion. He heard the words of an old song that Mati had taught him when he was a boy. He could not understand why the song should beat upon his ears so persistently. He raised himself upon one elbow. "The death song of a chief of the Wolf Clan!" he declared. "What youth stands yonder?"

"Red Eagle of the Lost Tribe of the Hopis," said Klogi. "His heart is good; yet he thinks we came to destroy his people."

Suta uttered the call of the Wolf Clan.

He was sitting sturdily upright now, his eyes fastened upon the boy who was going through the ceremony on the upper rim. Again Suta gave the Wolf call. Red Eagle glanced downward, and as he did so, Suta made a secret sign known only to members of priesthood of the Wolf Clan.

Red Eagle stood staring, forgetting momentarily his dire purpose to throw himself into the canyon to bring again to his people the favor of the gods. The sun hidden for a moment by a towering cliff, again sent its slanting rays into the canyon, glorifying the scene.

"A chief of the Wolf Clan speaks," began Suta. "Your God does not ask it of you, Red Eagle. These men and boys with me come as friends. Will you hear the story of their God?"

"I am listening," said Red Eagle. "I must listen to a chief of the Wolf Clan."

Klogi saw his chance. "Suta has told you that we all come as friends. You must live to lead your people to a knowledge of the true God."

"It is too late," lamented Red Eagle. "Yellow Corn will not leave our trail

until he finds us here. The sight of five more strangers will increase his wrath. He will not be able to reach you. But I will fall at his word."

"Come across to us," directed Klogi.

"It is too late. Do you not see that I cut your ladder?"

"The blanket you have thrown away!" cried Klogi. "It is good medicine! The same knife you used to cut the ladder you may now use to cut the blanket into strips. The pieces tied together will make a rope long enough to reach us. You can pull the ladder up, fasten it to the rocks and climb down to us."

"I will not flee from my people to save my life alone," said Red Eagle.

"Do with the blanket as Klogi has said," urged Suta. "I command it. I will come to you."

Red Eagle cut the blanket into strips, lowered an end and pulled the ladder up to the ledge where he stood. He had no sooner fastened the end securely to the pole anchored beneath the pile of rocks than over the edge of the cliff above him, Yellow Corn thrust his scowling face. His war cry summoned fifty others to his

side. Red Eagle was warned by Klogi.

The great war chief of Talpiti, descendant of Saalako and chief of the Wolf Clan, did not wait for further developments. It was enough for him to know that a fellow member of the Wolf Clan was in peril. Red Eagle was cornered. He would not flee from his people. They would handle him there. Suta summoned his wonderful strength and pulled himself hand over hand up the ladder to the ledge.

Down the steep trail began a procession of infuriated Pueblo Indians bent on halting that which they believed to be an invasion of their land. They were led by Yellow Corn. Suta swung his great body between his powerful arms, like a huge dwarf on a pair of crutches. Red Eagle walked closely behind him. He would have preceded Suta had the latter allowed him the leadership in this strange encounter.

Spears were poised to be sent hurtling downward; stones were raised to crush Suta and Red Eagle.

Suta held his hand high, palm outward, making the peace sign that is as

old as mankind. In a voice that awoke a thousand echoes in Spirit Canyon he commanded Yellow Corn to advance no farther. "I am Suta of the blood line of Saalako, founder of the Wolf Clan," shouted Suta.

"He comes to us with deceit in his heart," said Yellow Corn. "Like those other dogs."

Again the canyon reverberated with the thunder of Suta's voice. This yell was more piercing and terrifying than the war cry of the Wolf Clan or of the War Clan of Talpiti. It was the unmistakable cry of a chief of the Wolf Clan, a call that had been taught him by Mati, his grandmother, Saalako's granddaughter. It sent Yellow Corn scurrying up the trail like a sulking coyote. Suta, of the blood line of Saalako, had found his people. The Pueblo Indians of the Valley of Refuge recognized in him the successor of Hawk Man.

"Suta's words are true!" declared Red Eagle.

"My companions are Juan and Yotto of Talpiti, worshippers of the true God to whom I also have given my alle-

giance," said Suta. "The two men with me are my helpers. I have known the Navajos, Klogi and Nishmo, two summers. Their hearts are good."

A storm of questions followed, all of which were answered satisfactorily by Suta, Red Eagle, and Klogi.

Life, not death, came to Red Eagle. The Navajo blanket, in the end, proved to be good medicine.

* * * * *

Klogi and Nishmo eventually were adopted as members of Wolf Clan and remained in the Land of Deep Blue Lakes with their beloved sheep. During the years that followed, Juan and Yotto journeyed from Talpiti after the corn harvests to visit their friends in the high country. Red Eagle's influence in his tribe strengthened with the years. Life ran as a peaceful stream for him as he grew to manhood under the wise tutelage of Suta the Great.

The dam formed by the landslide in the lower canyon gradually was dug away by crews of workers from the Valley of Refuge making their exit from the mountain by way of a permanent swing-

ing bridge thrown across Spirit Canyon. The waters receded from the tunnel, thus allowing a thoroughfare from the Valley of Refuge to the outlying plains.

In time the ancient feud between the Hopi and Navajo tribes also waned and died out, making it safe for the Lost Tribe of the Hopis and their neighbors dwelling in Talpiti to travel back and forth on frequent visits. Gradually, under wise leadership, the former prisoners of Spirit Mountain became acquainted with newer ways of living. Their gardens and orchards were improved by the introduction of new varieties of corn, melons, peaches, and pears. Their flocks, founded by Klogi and Nishmo, became famous; and equally famous became their blankets and rugs that for strong reasons of their own they called good medicine.

In return the people of Talpiti came into possession of a knowledge of the ancient manner of glazing and firing their native pottery. The wonderful designs employed by the people of Walled-up Valley became familiar to them. Old Suta lived to see the happy day when the Hopi tribes everywhere

gained a name for their wonderful pottery and basketry, a reputation that they have enjoyed down to the present day. Of greater import than their arts is the living knowledge many of them possess of the God of Love, the Shepherd of all nations, tribes and individuals.

THE END.



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